

And how does one co-ordinate? Simplest thing in the world! One co-ordinates with a bow and arrow, prancing around one's law in one's bare feet, wearing a sort of Greek nightie. And of course one has a high board fence around one's yard.

This is a photograph of Miss Grace O'Ryan, one of the prettiest members of Chicago's co-ordinate club. The club was founded by Mrs. Ahrend von Vlissingen, who lives in the fashionable North Side, and is a disciple of Ernest Baron von Feuchtersleben, an Austrian physician who started the thing in Europe.

Mrs. von Vlissingen's class meets at the home of Mrs. Turck-Baker, at the corner of Grove and Maple streets. There, in sunny seclusion, with the wind tossing their gossamer garments, they slip back into ancient days and shoot arrows and caper and co-ordinate to their hearts' content.

The idea is that by such untrammelled gambolling the body and soul are brought into complete unity or "co-ordination," and thus soul freedom is attained.

But one has to be careful, else one gets stone bruises on one's feet and sunburn on one's knees.



I've been from Hong Kong to Shanghai,
From Pekin to Hung Foey,
But I never saw a Chinaman
Who liked to eat chop suey!

MATCHLESS BUT THOUGHTFUL

Tim was only fifteen, but had followed his calling—in every sense of the word—for eight years. Sauntering down the street, he extracted a cigarette from his pocket and placed it, jauntily between his teeth, only to discover that he had no matches.

Tim, therefore, entered a tobacconist's shop.

"We do not give matches away,

boy—we sell them!" was all the gentleman behind the counter said in answer to Tim's request for a light.

"Well, how much are dey, then?"

"A penny a box."

Tim paid his money and lighted his cigarette.

"Here," he said, handing back the box, "leave these on the counter, and when anuvver gentleman asks for a light give him one of my matches!"



HE HAD A NARROW ESCAPE!